



NO. 31

# TIM HOLT

R.K.O.'S WESTERN STAR

10c







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# KNOW YOUR AIRLINES!

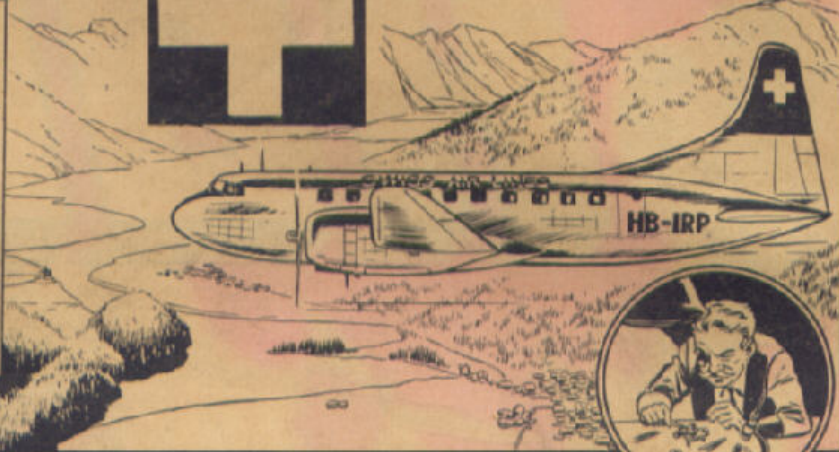
## PRECISION ROUTES



## TO EVERYWHERE

**SWISSAIR**, SWITZERLAND'S GREAT INTERNATIONAL AIRLINE, MIRRORS THE SOLID CHARACTERISTICS OF THAT STURDY ALPINE NATION. FOR OVER TEN GENERATIONS, THE SWISS HAVE HAD A REPUTATION FOR MAKING AND SERVICING PRECISION PRODUCTS EQUALLED BY FEW AND SURPASSED BY NONE.

THE SAME TECHNICAL SKILL AND MECHANICAL APITUDE THAT PRODUCES THE WORLD'S BEST WATCHES HAS GONE INTO THE BUILDING AND MAINTENANCE OF **SWISSAIR'S** SUPERB AIR TRANSPORT SYSTEM...



AS A COMPANY, **SWISSAIR** IS OVER TWENTY YEARS OLD, BUT IN ITS OPERATIONS IT DRAWS ON OVER THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN COMMERCIAL AIR TRANSPORTATION. INHERITING THE EQUIPMENT AND PERSONNEL OF THE **AD ASTRA** AIRLINE WHICH WAS FORMED IN 1919 IN ZURICH AND OF **BALAIR** FOUNDED IN 1925 IN BASEL, **SWISSAIR** WAS BORN THROUGH THE FUSION OF THESE TWO COMPANIES IN 1931.

**SWISSAIR** WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN AIRLINE TO USE AN AMERICAN-BUILT PLANE, THE LOCKHEED "ORION" IN 1932. LATER, THE COMPANY WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO USE THE DOUGLAS DC-2 AND DC-3. THUS **SWISSAIR** HAS ASSISTED IN ACQUAINTING SWITZERLAND AND THE REST OF EUROPE WITH THE QUALITY OF AMERICAN AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURE.



TYPICAL OF **SWISSAIR'S** THOROUGHNESS IS THE RECENT INSTANCE WHERE THE COMPANY INTERVIEWED AND TESTED 300 APPLICANTS IN ORDER TO SELECT JUST THIRTY HOSTESSES FOR TRAINING.



ON AUGUST 19, 1951, **SWISSAIR** ADDED THE DOUGLAS DC-6B TO THEIR TRANSATLANTIC SCHEDULE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND ZURICH, CUTTING THE FLYING TIME BETWEEN THESE CITIES TO A NEW LOW OF 14 HOURS. **SWISSAIR** WAS THE FIRST CARRIER TO USE THESE PLANES OVER THE ATLANTIC; AND ON JANUARY 31, 1952, A **SWISSAIR** DC-6B SET A NEW WORLD FLYING RECORD BETWEEN NEW YORK AND GENEVA—10 HOURS AND 27 MINUTES. THE **SWISSAIR** DC-6B ALSO SET A NEW OCEAN-CROSSING RECORD FOR COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT—4 HOURS AND 36 MINUTES—ONLY 17 MINUTES SHORT OF THE FASTEST CROSSING TO DATE, RECENTLY MADE BY A JET PLANE.





TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

THEY CAME HUNTING HIM,  
THE THREE MOST DANGEROUS  
CRIMINALS IN THE ENTIRE  
SOUTHWEST! THE MAN OF  
1000 FACES!... THE  
SCARECROW!... THE  
WHIP WOMAN! ALL OF  
THEM WANTED HIS DEATH!  
EACH OF THEM WAS PREPARED  
TO OFFER HIS OWN LIFE  
IF NEEDED, TO BRING ABOUT—

## "THE THREE DEATHS OF RED MASK!"



THE PALING MOON WEAKLY TINTS THE ADOBE WALLS  
OF THE TERRITORIAL JAIL. IN THE FAILING BRILLIANCE  
A SLIM FIGURE MOVES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED —



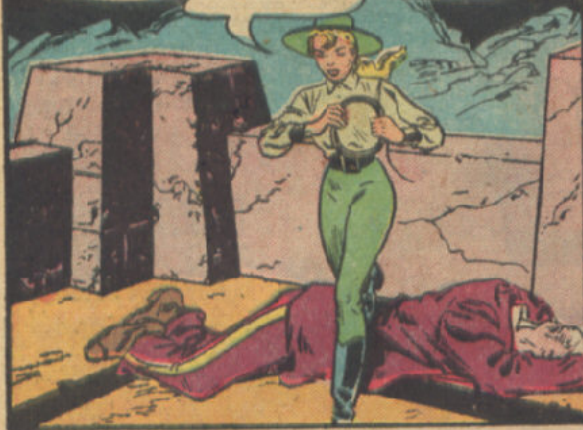
A WHIP COMES SNAKING OUT OF THE DARKNESS  
TO COIL AROUND THE THROAT OF A DOZING GUARD.





# TIM HOLT

I MUST SEE THE **MAN OF 1000 FACES** AND **THE SCARECROW!** — GREAT CRIMINAL BRAINS, BOTH OF THEM! AND THEY ARE BOTH FAMILIAR WITH **REDMASK'S** METHODS...



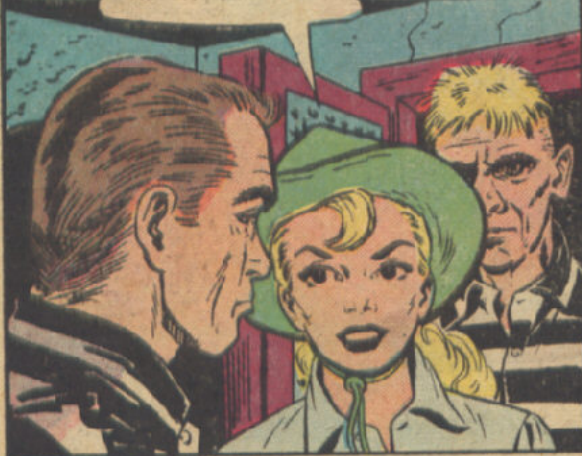
MOMENTS LATER, A MASTER KEY GRATES IN A CELL DOOR —

WHO'S THERE?

SHHH! IT'S **THE WHIP WOMAN** WITH **THE SCARECROW**, WHOM I FREED FROM HIS CELL!



YOU BOTH HAVE BEEN IN HERE SOME TIME — PUT HERE BY **REDMASK**! YOU'VE HAD TIME TO THINK. TELL ME HOW I CAN ROB THE BULLET BANK IN SUCH A WAY THAT **REDMASK** WILL NEVER CATCH ME!



FOR A SHORT WHILE, UNTIL THE FIRST FAINT STREAKS OF RED DAWN COAT THE CACTUS COUNTRY, THREE VOICES WHISPER IN THE DEPTHS OF THE TERRITORIAL JAIL. THEN —

MY PLANS ARE MADE!  
I CANNOT FAIL!



BEHIND HER —

SHE'S GONE — AND SHE LEFT THE CELL DOOR OPEN!

WELL? WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? WE, TOO, SEEK TO KEEP A DATE WITH **REDMASK** — A DATE OF DEATH!



**REDMASK** WILL NEVER KNOW THE MAN WHO STRIKES HIM DOWN. IN ONE OF MY 1000 DISGUISES, I WILL FIND AND SLAY HIM!

YOU'LL HAVE TO BEAT **ME** TO IT THEN! I, TOO, INTEND TO KILL **REDMASK**!



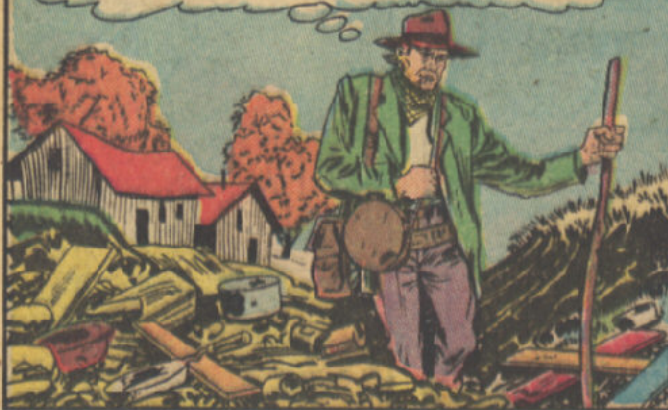


# TIM HOLT

DAYS LATER, AN OLD PROSPECTOR, HIS CLOTHES SHREDDED AND DUSTY, WALKS THE LONG TRAIL LEADING INTO BULLET...

FOR A WEEK, THE OLD PROSPECTOR SITS IN THE SUNLIGHT, AIMLESSLY WHITTLING. ONE MORNING...

REDMASK WON'T RECOGNIZE ME AS THE MAN OF 1000 FACES! NOT BEING ON HIS GUARD, HE'LL BE EASY TO BRING DOWN WITH A BULLET...



HERE HE IS NOW!



HE WENT INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE. WHEN HE COMES OUT—I'LL CUT HIM DOWN!



INSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

"THE WHIP WOMAN", SHE CALLS HERSELF, REDMASK! I'VE HEARD SHE'S COMING TO BULLET TO ROB THE BANK! THAT'S WHY I SENT WORD BY OUR HIDDEN CAIRN IN THE HILLS.



A CAIRN OF STONES, SET IN SOME REMOTE SPOT, WAS USED BY THE OUTLAWS OF THE WEST AS A SORT OF "POST OFFICE." SUCH A CAIRN OF STONES AS THIS IS USED BY SHERIFF GAGE TO CONTACT REDMASK...



HMMM... THE WHIP WOMAN! SEEMS TO ME I HEARD RUMORS SHE WAS INVOLVED IN SOME SORT OF JAIL-BREAK RECENTLY. I'LL KEEP MY EYES OPEN, SHERIFF!



AS REDMASK LEAVES THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, A GUN LEVELS GRIMLY, ITS BARREL POINTED AT HIS CHEST...





# TIM HOLT



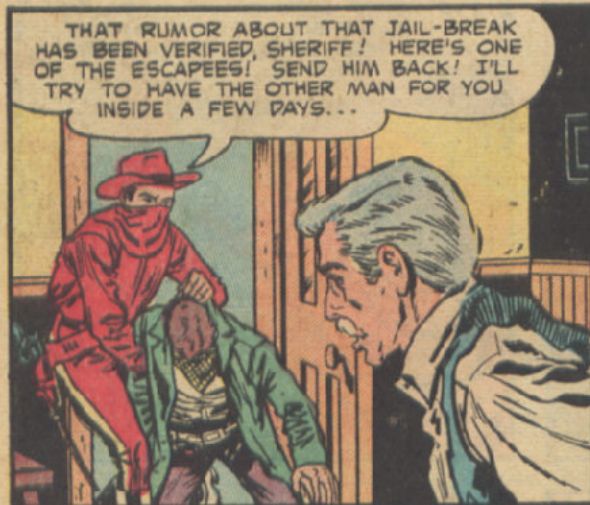
I HAD YOU FIGURED FOR THE MAN OF 1000 FACES, HOMBRE— BUT I HAD TO LET YOU MAKE YOUR PLAY!



WHEN YOU MADE UP AS A PROSPECTOR, YOU FORGOT TWO THINGS! ONE, A PROSPECTOR HAS A RICH, DARK TAN—AND YOUR FACE STILL HAS PRISON PALLOR ON THE CHEEKS...



THE SECOND IS—A REAL PROSPECTOR NEVER HAS WIDE-OPEN EYES! HE HAS A PERPETUAL SQUINT FROM PEERING ACROSS SUN-BRIGHT DESERTS!



THAT RUMOR ABOUT THAT JAIL-BREAK HAS BEEN VERIFIED, SHERIFF! HERE'S ONE OF THE ESCAPEES! SEND HIM BACK! I'LL TRY TO HAVE THE OTHER MAN FOR YOU INSIDE A FEW DAYS...

NEXT DAY, AS TIM HOLT AND CHITO RIDE TO TOWN...



TIM HOLT OF THE T-BAR-H? I'M NANCY HOLLIS OF THE LITTLE HOGPEN RANCH BACK IN THE HILLS!

HOWDY, MA'AM!



I'M SELLING TICKETS TO A BOX SOCIAL—A DANCE AT THE BULLET TOWN CENTER! WE WANT ALL YOUR BOYS TO COME TO IT!

WHY, GLADLY, MA'AM. DROP THE TICKETS OFF AT THE RANCH, AND TELL COOKIE I SAID TO PAY YOU!



SHE EES VER' NEW AROUND THESE PARTS, TIM! I 'AVE NEVAIRE SEEING HER BEFORE!

SHE MUST BE NEW, IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HER!



BOX SOCIALS ARE A REGULAR PART OF WESTERN RANCH LIFE: DANCES WHERE LUNCHES ARE PUT UP IN BOXES AND BID FOR BY THE MEN, TO BE SHARED WITH THEIR LADIES FAIR, ALWAYS LEND A TOUCH OF INTEREST...

I AM BID TEN DOLLAIRE!

SOLD TO CHITO JOSE GONZALES BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY!



—ESPECIALLY IF A MISTAKE IS MADE!

OLA! THAT EES NOT THEE BOX I PACKED, CHITO!

IT ISN'T?



EET EES MY BOX LUNCH! COME CHITO!

SO-HO! CARMELITA DIEGO! YOU HAF YOUR EYE ON MY CHITO JOSE GONZALEZ BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY FOR A LONG TIME!



I SCRATCH THOSE EYES OUT SO THEY DON'T SEE MY CHITO ANY MORE!

YOUR TONGUE EES LIKE DAGGER—LONG AND POINTY AND SKINNY! I POOL EET OUT!



LAUGHING MEN PULL THE FIGHTING LADIES APART, AND THE DANCE GOES ON...

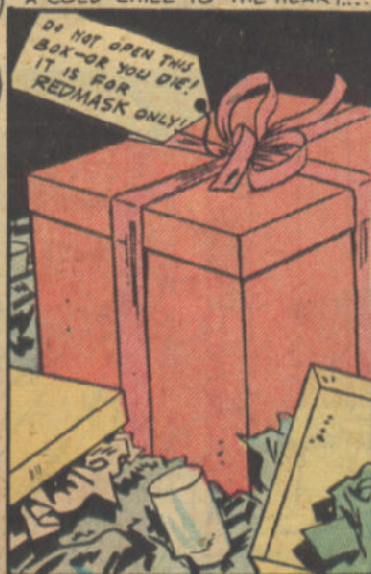
WHERE EES THAT CHITO? I WEEL FIX HEEM NOW!

SI! WHERE EES HE?

HE WENT OFF WITH SOME OTHER GAL, LADIES!



THERE IS ONE ENORMOUS BOX THAT REMAINS UNOPENED—FOR THE WORDS ON THE TAG BRINGS A COLD CHILL TO THE HEART...



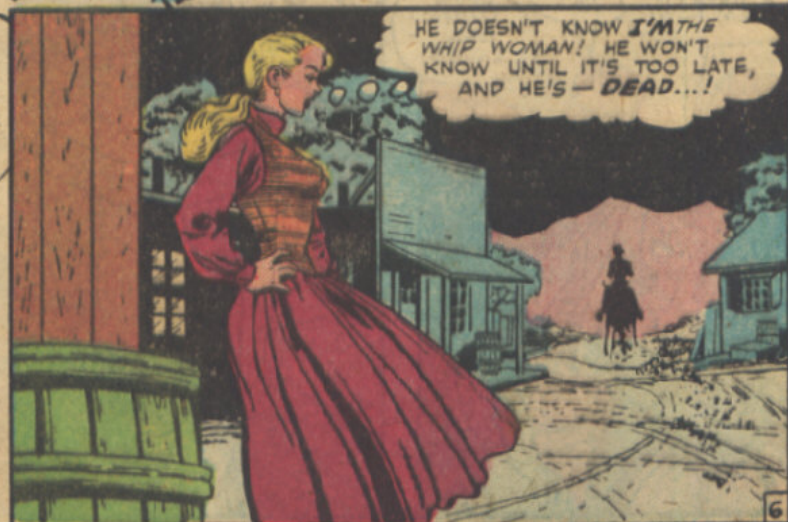
TOWARD THE END OF THE DANCE, CONVERSATION CEASES. ALL EYES TURN TOWARD A CRIMSON-CLAD FIGURE—

I SEE SOMEONE LEFT A LUNCH ESPECIALLY FOR ME!



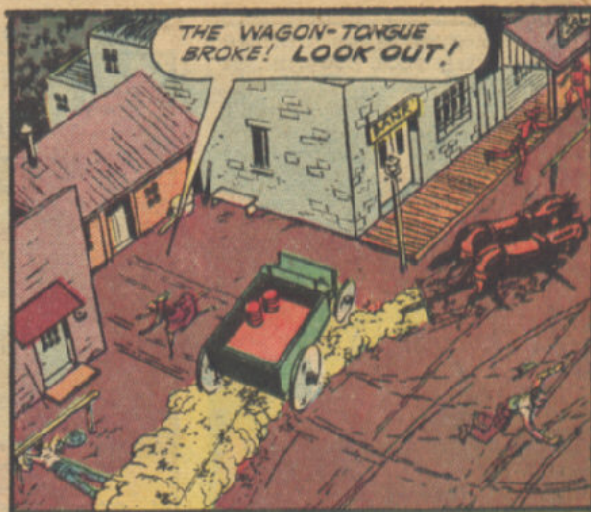
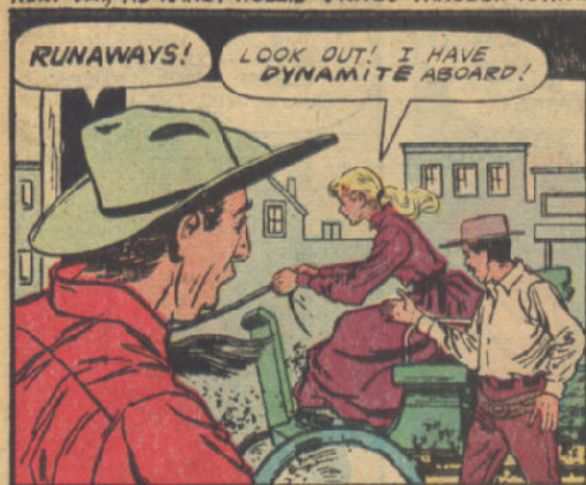


# TIM HOLT





NEXT DAY, AS "NANCY HOLLIS" DRIVES THROUGH TOWN...





# TIM HOLT





DATE CHANGES  
AUTOMATICALLY  
EVERY DAY

# Amazing Swiss Invention! CHRONOGRAPH & CALENDAR Precision Made Watch



TIMES HORSES!



TIMES PLANES!



TIMES AUTOS!



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**\$8.95**

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| <input type="checkbox"/> TIMES HORSE RACES | <input type="checkbox"/> TIMES PHOTOGRAPHY     |
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Also measures DISTANCES covered by planes, cars, athletes, etc! Yes... all this and it's an AUTOMATIC CALENDAR too! The date pops up in the tiny window every day! Easy to operate with 2 push-buttons! One to start, another to stop watch! Everyone wants this super watch! Students, soldiers, aviators, sailors, race fans, sportsmen, photographers and all men of action!

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**DON'T SEND 1 PENNY — TRY AT OUR RISK!**

You take no chance! Try 10 days at our risk! Full price back if not THRILLED! SUPPLY LIMITED! These watches are getting scarce! Act now! Tomorrow may be too late! Don't miss this bargain of a lifetime! Mail coupon NOW!

**TRY 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK!**

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LOOK!**

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**\*UNLIMITED GUARANTEE**

Exclusive of parts! Never a charge for skilled repair service! FULL INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN! Mail COUPON NOW for 10 Day Trial right in your own home — no risk or obligation for you! These watches are hard to get! RUSH — get yours NOW — only ONE per customer.

**FREE!**

— at extra cost — a genuine FLEX-O-MATIC-band given with your watch. This band may be purchased separately at \$4.95. You don't pay one cent extra! Only ONE watch sold to each customer because supply is limited and we want to satisfy as many customers as possible. RUSH COUPON NOW!

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Money-Back Guarantee**

Wear and enjoy this amazing watch at OUR RISK for 10 full days. Buy your watch... friends... check it out... accuracy with any watch... sure... try it... the many great features... then YOU decide... if not satisfied... return for full refund of purchase price... RUSH COUPON at once! Don't delay — you may lose this LIFETIME BARGAIN! Remember we only sell ONE to a customer... because our supply is limited and we want to please everybody possible. Send over to:

**U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, Dept. 80-X-250  
127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.**

**SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon now for home trial!**

**U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, Dept. 80-X-250  
127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.**

RUSH a CALENDAR-CHRONOGRAPH watch on 10 DAY HOME TRIAL free of charge. You'll pay nothing until you're satisfied. If you're not satisfied, return the watch within 10 days for complete refund of purchase price! ONLY ONE WATCH PER CUSTOMER SOLD!

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TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

THEY ROPE THE PLAINS ALL CLAD IN BLACK, THESE KILLERS WHOM NO KNIFE OR BULLET COULD HARM! THEY RODE THROUGH A HAIL OF HOT LEAD AND LIVED! THEY ROBBED AND LOOTED—AND WHEN REDMASK TOOK THE TRAIL AFTER THEM, HE DISCOVERED THAT NO MATTER HOW HE SHOT THEM, THEY WOULD NOT DIE! FOR THESE WERE—

## "THE DEATHLESS RIDERS!"



DRAWN BY FRANK BOLLE

SOME MONTHS BEFORE, IN PURSUING THE MAN OF 1000 FACES, A DETECTIVE FROM THE FRENCH SURETE—PAUL CALVERT—LANDED IN AMERICA, ONLY TO DIE IN TIM HOLT'S ARMS...

AND SO TIM, AS REDMASK, TOOK THE SCIENCE LABORATORY, AND FOUND A SECRET CAVE, AND THERE HE STORED THE RETORTS AND VIALS—





# FIM HOLT

ONE AFTERNOON IN TOWN, REDMASK GETS THE CHANCE TO SHOW WHAT HIS NEW-FOUND SCIENCE CAN DO...



REDMASK, I JUST CHASED A HORSE-THIEF INTO TOWN, BUT DOGGONE IF I CAN PICK HIM OUT. HE WAS A BALD-HEADED GUY— BUT THERE'S NO BALD GUY IN TOWN!



MAYBE I CAN GIVE YOU A HAND, SHERIFF. YOU POINT OUT THE STRANGERS IN HERE, AND BACK ME UP...

WELL, ALL RIGHT!

MOVING QUICKLY FROM MAN TO MAN, REDMASK MAKES CAREFUL CUTTINGS OF THEIR HAIR...



MOMENTS LATER, AFTER REDMASK HAS MADE TESTS IN HIS PORTABLE LABORATORY



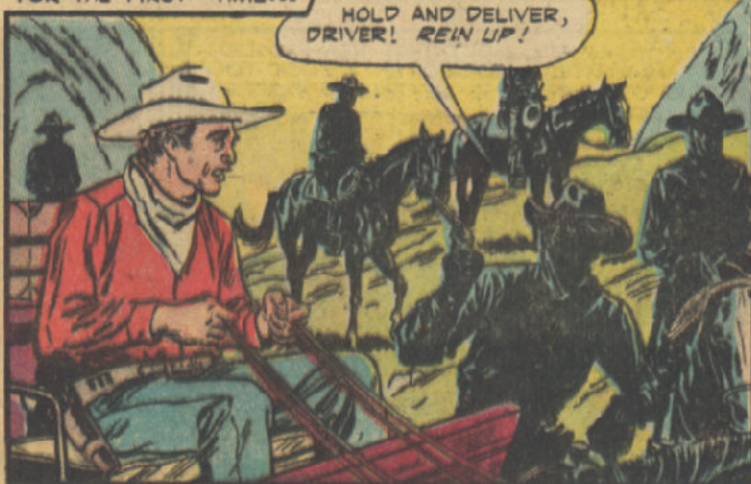
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, HOMBRE! THAT HAIR ON YOUR HEAD IS— **HORSE HAIR!** OBVIOUSLY—A WIG! I MADE TESTS OVER IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...



AND TO PROVE WHAT I SAY—

THAT'S HIM! DOGGONE! NOW I RECOGNIZE HIM!

SOME DAYS LATER, THE WEIRD **DEATHLESS RIDERS** STRUCK FOR THE FIRST TIME...



HOLD AND DELIVER, DRIVER! REIN UP!

AS THE GUARD TOSSED DOWN HIS RIFLE, HE DREW HIS COLT —



AT LEAST, I'LL GET ONE OF THEM!

BLAMM!



# TIM HOLT



I HIT HIM! BUT—BUT THE BULLET—DIDN'T HURT HIM! —WHAT KIND OF A MAN IS HE?

AND THEN A SIXGUN BLASTS, AND THE GUARD DIES WITH HIS AMAZEMENT STILL FRAMED ON HIS LIPS...



ORDINARY MAN— LIKE ME—DIES WHEN A BULLET SLAMS INTO HIM... BUT NOT— THAT ONE! MAYBE A GHOST...

A MOMENT LATER, AND THE TRANSFER IS MADE. WITH A FORTUNE IN THE WELLS-FARGO BOX AT HIS FEET, A BLACK-ROBED ROBBER LAUGHS HARSHLY...



WAIT'LL THE LAW HEARS HOW I'VE CONQUERED DEATH! HA, HA! IT'LL GIVE 'EM A HEADACHE TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT! HA HA!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE DEATHLESS RIDERS STRIKE! THEY HOLD UP THE UNION PACIFIC —



ONE MOVE AND MY PARTNERS WILL LET GO WITH DYNAMITE!

THEY GALLOP AWAY AS RIFLES AND SIXGUNS THUNDER AT THEM —BUT NO MAN FALLS!



I SAW MY BULLETS GO THROUGH THOSE —THOSE HOMBRES! BUT NONE OF 'EM FELL!

ME TOO! WHAT'S THE ANSWER?



TO REDMASK COMES SHERIFF GAGE, WITH A DELIGATION OF FEDERAL MARSHALS...

REDMASK! BREAK OUT THAT NEW-FANGLED CRIME-FIGHTIN' LABORATORY! WE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY THOSE DEATHLESS RIDERS DON'T DIE!



# TIM HOLT

NEXT DAY, IN THE BULLET RAILROAD YARD...



THIS BLACK POWDER WILL SHOW UP FINGERPRINTS!

FINGERPRINTS? WHAT'S THEM?

A NEW SCIENCE • DISCOVERED BY A FRENCHMAN NAMED BERTILLON. ALL THE WHORLS AND LINES ON THE TIPS OF OUR FINGERS ARE DIFFERENT. WE CAN IDENTIFY A PERSON WHO HAS TOUCHED AN OBJECT BY THE FINGERPRINTS HE LEAVES ON IT!

•EDITOR'S NOTE: BERTILLON NOT ONLY USED FINGERPRINTING, BUT ALSO OTHER BODY MEASUREMENTS. THIS SCIENCE OF IDENTIFICATION IS CALLED ANTHROPOMETRY.

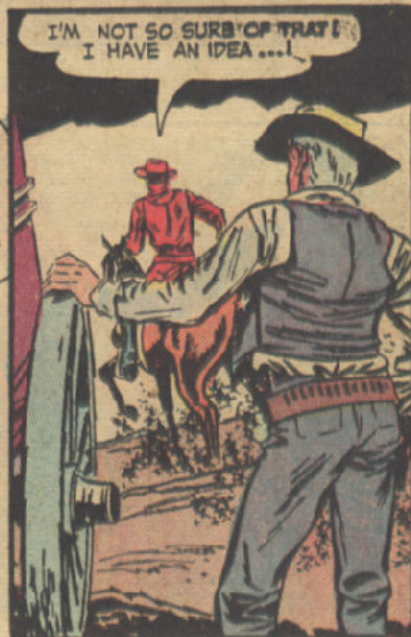


IF YOU ASK **ME** — HE'S LOCO! FINGERPRINTS! BAH! HE CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING WITH THAT!

BUT THIS NEW TRICK OF TAKING THE PRINTS OF A CRIMINAL'S FINGERS PROVED ONE FACT TO REDMASK, AND TO THE LAWMAN WHO HAD CALLED HIM IN—

SHERIFF, THE PRINTS I HAVE PHOTOGRAPHED SO FAR HAVE ALL BEEN FROM **ONE MAN!** THAT MEANS THAT ONLY **ONE** OF THOSE DEATHLESS RIDERS EVER HANDLES THE LOOT THEY STEAL....!

HUH! THAT DOESN'T HELP US! RECKON WE MADE A MISTAKE CALLIN' YOU IN, REDMASK!

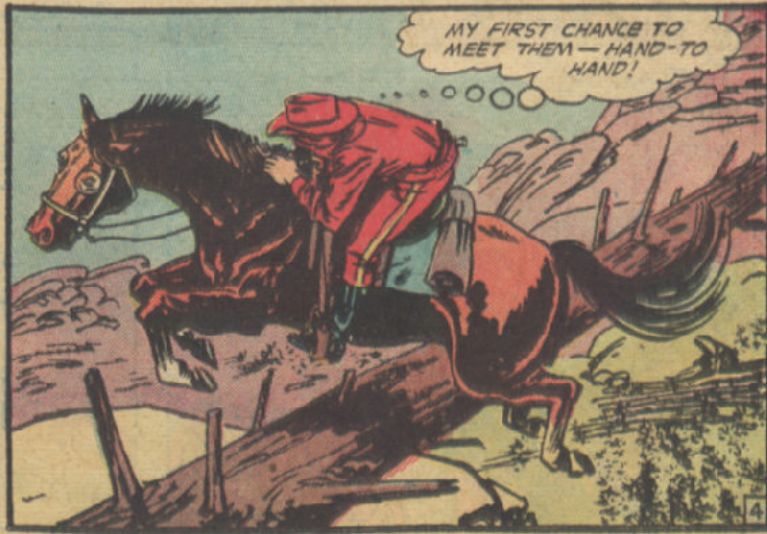


I'M NOT SO SURE OF THAT! I HAVE AN IDEA....!

IN THE HIGH HILLS, REDMASK PATROLS THE LONELY PATHWAYS. HERE, WHERE MOUNTAIN PEAKS TOUCH THE SKY, HE CAN SCAN THE BULLET COUNTRYSIDE FOR MILES AROUND. ONE DAY—



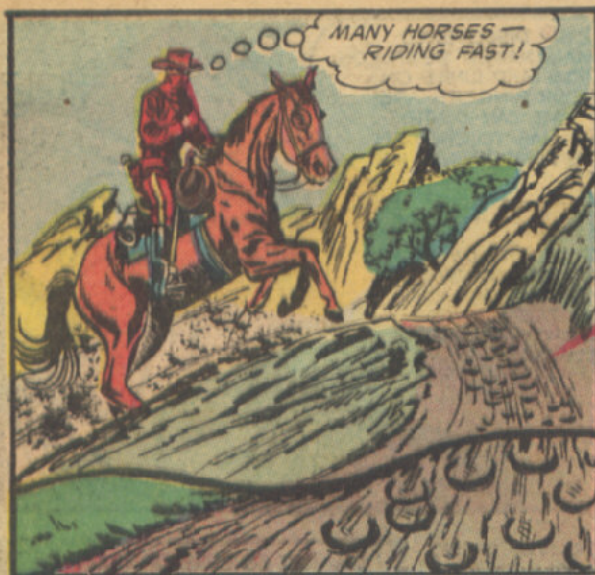
BLACK RIDERS, MOVING TOWARD BULLET!



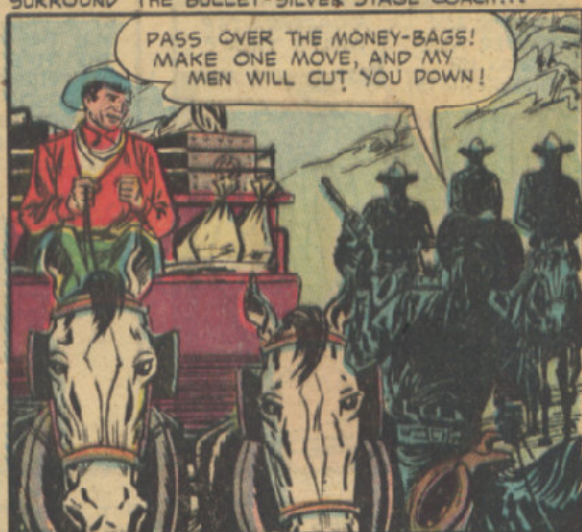
MY FIRST CHANCE TO MEET THEM—HAND-TO-HAND!



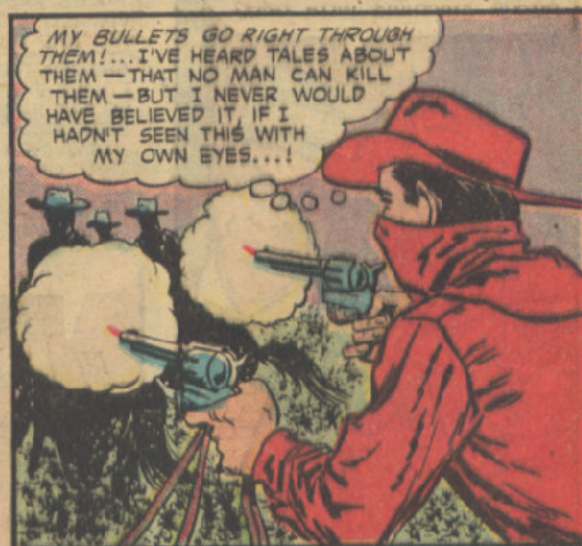
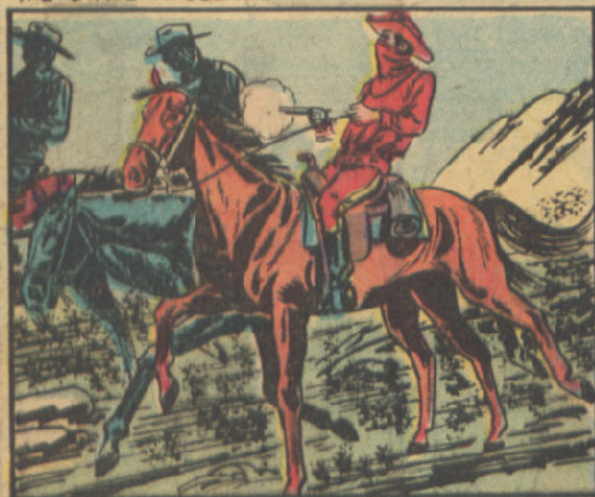
# TIM HOLT



AHEAD OF REDMASK, THE BLACK-ROBED RIDERS SURROUND THE BULLET-SILVER STAGE COACH...



FIRING BOTH SIXGUNS, REDMASK HURTTLES IN AMONG THE STAGE ROBBERS...



PUZZLED AND DISMAYED, REDMASK DROPS TO THE GROUND, WHERE HIS KEEN EYES SCAN THE TELLTALE HOOFPRIINTS...



THOSE RIDERS ARE **NOT** MEN! THESE HOOFPRIINTS SHOW THAT MOST OF THOSE BRONCS RODE WITHOUT MUCH WEIGHT IN THE SADDLE. ONLY **ONE** SET OF PRINTS SHOWS A HORSE WHERE A FULL-GROWN MAN SAT...!





# TIM HOLT

AT A STEADY PACE, REDMASK TRAILS THE DEATHLESS RIDERS. SOON HE REACHES THE CAMP OF HIS GOOD FRIEND, TAKOMA, OF THE MOUNTAIN UTES...



MANY TIMES REDMASK HELP MY PEOPLE, AGAINST EVIL MEN, BOTH RED AND WHITE! IT IS HONOR FOR TAKOMA TO AID YOU! TAKE, MY GIFTS, MY FRIEND!



SOME HOURS LATER, ALONG THE NARROW, WINDING TRAIL THAT LEADS INTO THE HIGH HILLS—



A WHISTLING FIRE-ARROW BLAZES UP AND FORWARD —



AN INSTANT LATER IT SINKS TO ITS FEATHERS IN A BLACK-ROBED RIDER —



—AND THE RIDER BURSTS INTO FLAMES!



RIDER AFTER RIDER FEELS THE BITE OF THE BLAZING ARROWS!

HE'S CAUGHT ON! REDMASK HAS EXPOSED MY TRICK!





# TIM HOLT

ONE RIDER ALONE REMAINS AS REDMASK CASTS ASIDE HIS BOW AND QUIVER AND TAKES UP THE PURSUIT—



IT WAS A CLEVER SCHEME, USING BLACK-ROBED DUMMIES OF STRAW! HE HAD THEM RIDE TRICK HORSES—PROBABLY CIRCUS HORSES TRAINED TO STAND AND GALLOP AT AN ORDER! HE ALONE ROBBED, WHILE HIS "GANG" STOOD BY, SEEMINGLY READY TO FIGHT ANY OPPOSITION IF NEEDED!



BUT NOW, THE TRAIL NEARS ITS END!



LIKE A SHOT, REDMASK CLOSES WITH THE BLACK-ROBED OUTLAW, SMASHING HIM FROM HIS SADDLE—





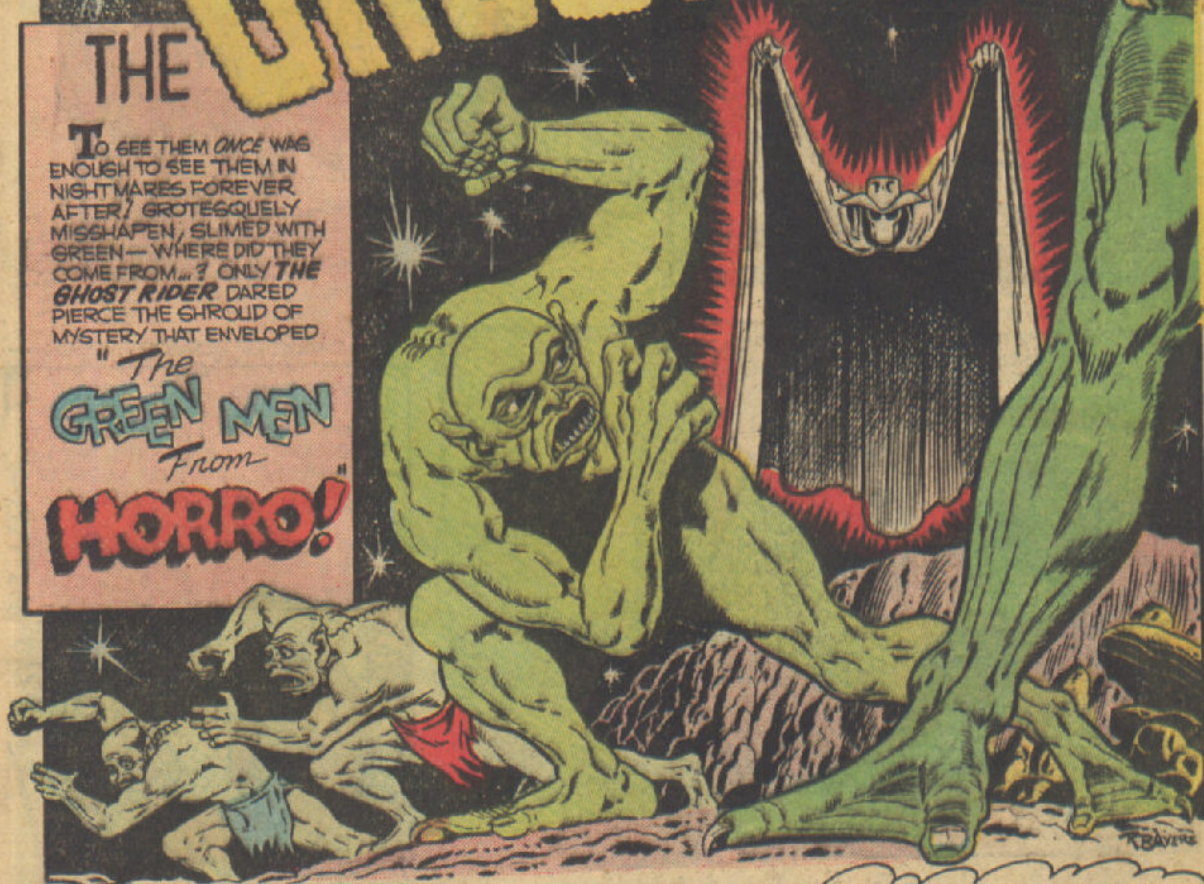
TIM HOLT

# GHOST RIDER

## THE

TO SEE THEM *ONCE* WAS  
ENOUGH TO SEE THEM IN  
NIGHTMARES FOREVER.  
AFTER GROTESQUELY  
MISSHAPEN, SLIMED WITH  
GREEN — WHERE DID THEY  
COME FROM...? ONLY *THE*  
**GHOST RIDER** DARED  
PIERCE THE SHROUD OF  
MYSTERY THAT ENVELOPED

*"The*  
**GREEN MEN**  
*From*  
**HORRO!**



— JEREMIAH WHETSTONE WAS A MISERLY AND SUPERSTITIOUS MAN —

DURN YUH, DAN'L RICHTER —  
CLOSE THAT UMBRELLA! YUH  
KNOW THAT BRINGS BAD LUCK!

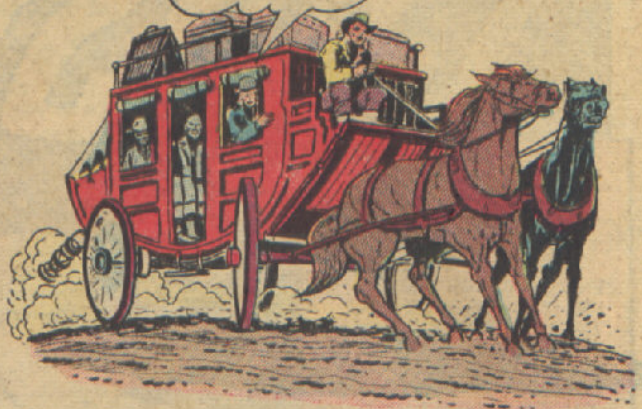
SORRY, MR.  
WHETSTONE, I  
JUST CAME TO  
ASK MISS PEARL  
IF...

I KNOW WHAT YUH CAME FOR —  
YUH WORTHLESS NO — GOOD  
SCAMP! YUH'RE SPARKING MY  
DAUGHTER JUST TO GIT YORE  
HANDS ON MY MONEY! THUH  
ANSWER'S **NO**! I'D AS SOON  
WALK UNDER A LADDER AS HAVE  
**YOU** FER A SON-IN-LAW!

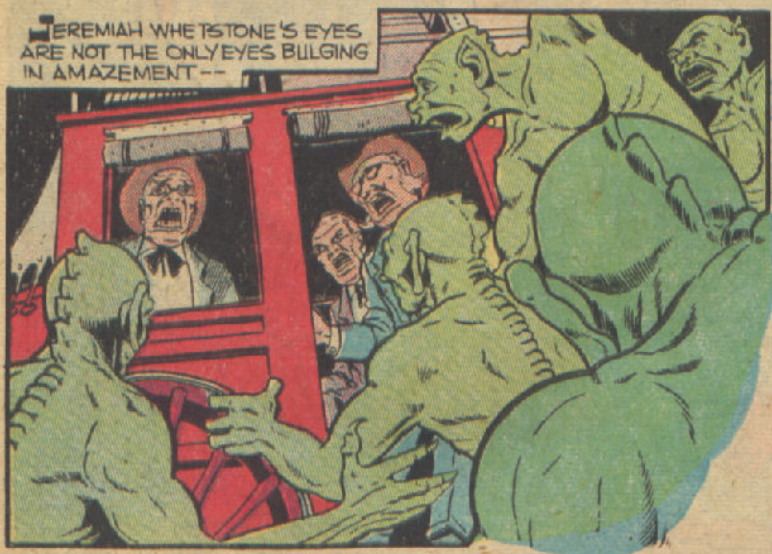




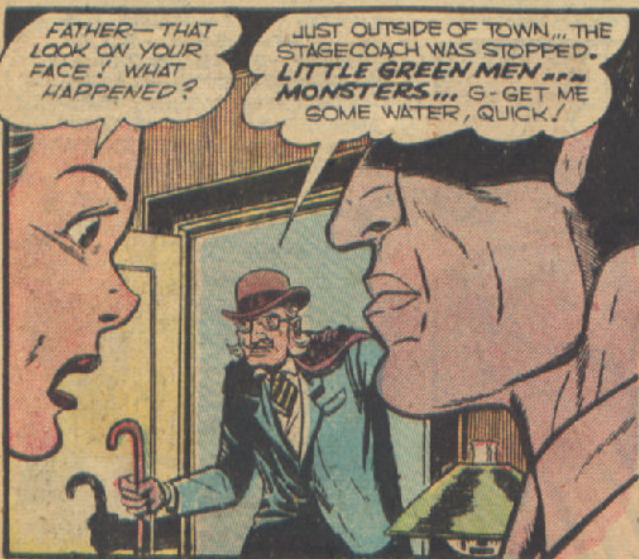
# TIM HOLT



JEREMIAH WHETSTONE'S EYES ARE NOT THE ONLY EYES BULGING IN AMAZEMENT --



THE MOMENT OF HORROR PASSES --





# TIM HOLT



SURE, I'LL TELL YOU MY DREAM, MR. WHETSTONE. BETTER SIT DOWN FIRST— IT'S PRETTY GRUESOME...!



"I DREAMED OF A PLANET NAMED **HORRO**... HORRO WAS WHERE THE **GREEN MEN** LIVED... THE GREEN MEN WERE DEFORMED IN BODY AND SPIRIT..."



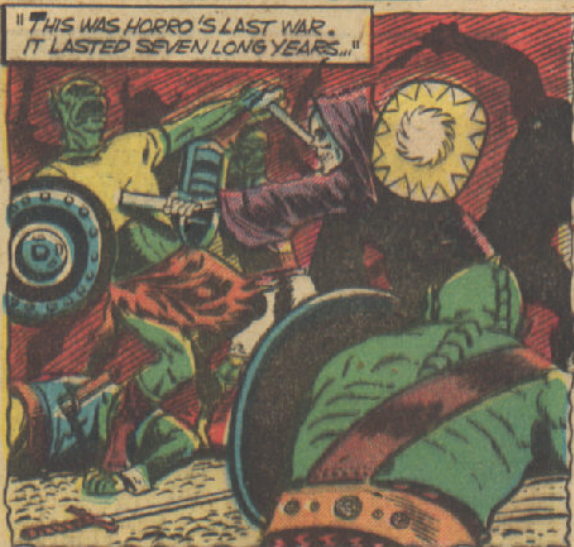
"THEY FOUGHT NEEDLESS WARS..."



"THEY WANTONLY WASTED NATURE'S GIFTS..."



"SO EVIL WERE THEIR WAYS, THAT ONE NIGHT, ALL THE DEAD BROKE OPEN THEIR GRAVES IN REVOLT AGAINST THE WICKED LIVING..."



"THIS WAS HORRO'S LAST WAR. IT LASTED SEVEN LONG YEARS..."

"THE DEAD FINALLY WON. THEY RETURNED TO THEIR GRAVES. THE PLANET WAS DESOLATE... BUT ONE BAND OF THE GREEN MEN ESCAPED. FLYING THROUGH SPACE, THEY BEGAN SEARCHING FOR NEW WORLDS TO DESPOIL..."





# TIM HOLT

THEN I REMEMBER A TERRIBLE FIRE.  
THAT'S HOW MY DREAM ENDED — WITH  
A VISION OF FIRE!



THE  
NEXT  
DAY...

I'M TELLIN' YUH — I SAW THEM GREEN THINGS WITH  
MY OWN EYES! AND THEN DAVE RICHTER TELLING  
ME HIS DREAM AND PROPHECYING A BIG FIRE IN  
THESE PARTS TONIGHT... WE'RE MIGHTY LUCKY  
HAVING A MAN LIKE HIM AROUND...



IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN —

YOU HEAR MUCH  
BABBLE — BABBLE  
ABOUT GREEN MEN  
AND FIRE, REX?  
EVERYBODY REAL  
EXCITED!

SOUNDS  
LIKE SO MUCH  
HOGWASH  
DREAMED UP  
BY DAVE RI —  
WHAT'S  
THIS?

NO TICKET  
NO SHIRT  
NO SHIRT



YOU FIND  
SOMETHING  
INTELLECTING  
IN NEWSPAPER,  
REX?

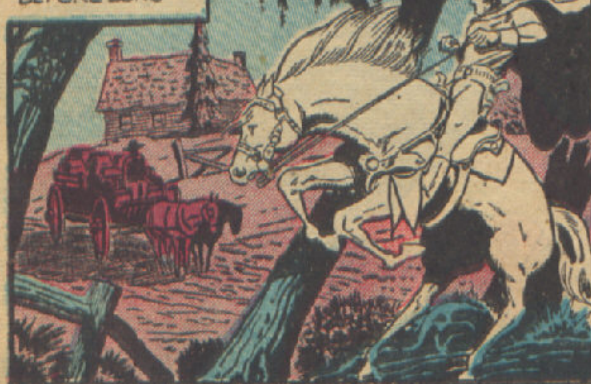
SOMETHING  
MIGHTY  
INTERESTING,  
SING SONG,  
IN FACT,  
SOMETHING  
THAT MIGHT LEAD  
TO THE GREEN  
MEN...



THAT NIGHT, REX  
DONS THE FAMOUS  
WHITE OUTFIT, AND  
**THE GHOST RIDER**,  
NEMESIS OF EVIL,  
RIDES AGAIN!



PULLING REIN IN  
THE SHADOW NEAR  
A GLOOMY HOUSE,  
THE GHOST RIDER  
SITS AND WAITS.  
BEFORE LONG —

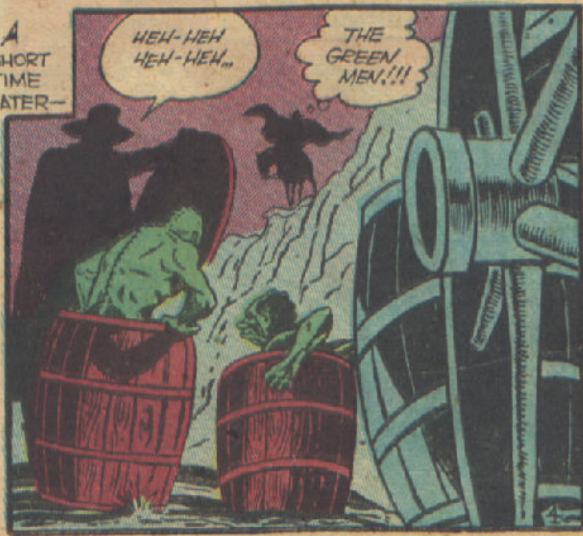


PATIENCE, NOBLE  
STEED, PATIENCE!  
LET THEM GO BY, AND  
THEN WE'LL FOLLOW...

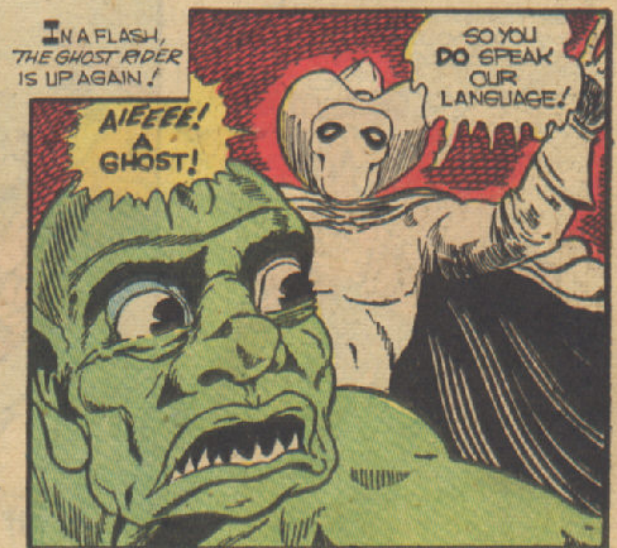
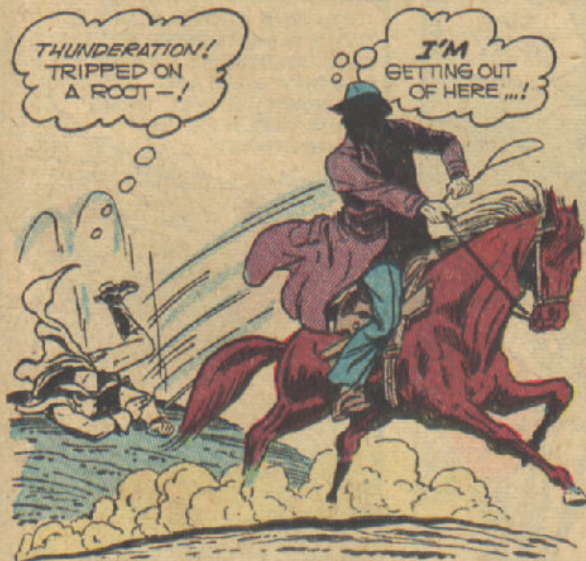
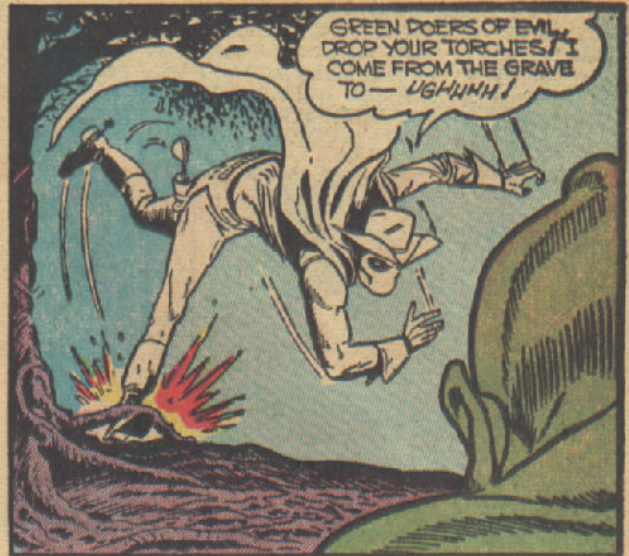
A  
SHORT  
TIME  
LATER —

HEH-HEH  
HEH-HEH...

THE  
GREEN  
MEN!!!









A SHORT  
TIME LATER—

BLAST THAT GHOST RIDER— TONIGHT'S  
FIRE WOULD HAVE PUT OLD WHETSTONE  
IN THE HOLLOW OF MY HAND, I COULD'VE  
MARRIED THE GIRL, GOT RID OF HER  
AND HER FATHER, AND HAD ALL THE  
OLD MISER'S MONEY FOR MYSELF...



NO, EVIL MAN, YOU SHALL  
NOT FLEE! I HAVE LEFT  
MY SNUG COFFIN TO BRING  
YOU TO JUSTICE...

I'LL COME,  
GHOST RIDER...  
JUST LET ME GET  
MY CANE...



HEH-HEH-HEH... HERE'S  
SOMETHING YOU OVERLOOKED,  
YOU MEDDLING GHOST!



TAKE  
THAT!



YOU HAVE SHOWN YOURSELF  
TO BE A MURDERER AT HEART,  
DAVID RICHTER. NOW TO THE  
SHERIFF— HE AND MR.  
WHETSTONE WILL HEAR  
YOUR WHOLE GRISLY  
SCHEME!



THE  
NEXT  
DAY—

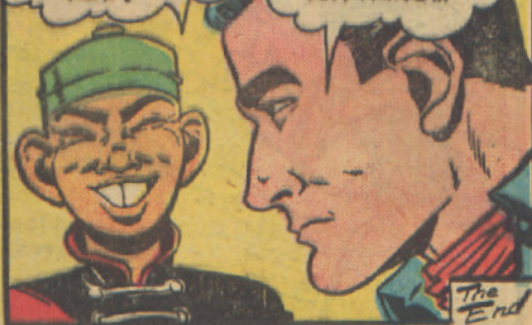
WHUT A FOOL I WAS — ALMOST LETTING  
MY DAUGHTER GET WITCHED-UP WITH  
THAT VARMIN'T! OH-OH! THERE ANY  
OTHER WAY OUT, SHERIFF? A BLACK  
CAT JUST PASSED BY...



AND IN  
SING SONG'S  
LAUNDRY—

WHAT FIRST GAVE  
YOU IDEA THAT RICHTER  
HIRED TROUPE TO ACT  
OUT FAKE DREAM,  
REX?

THE  
THEATRICAL  
ADVERTISEMENT  
I SAW IN THE OLD  
NEWSPAPER.  
"MIDGET TROUPE  
AT LIBERTY," IT SAID.  
"WILL DO  
ANYTHING..."



The  
End



# FIGHTING



# EDITOR!

**H**E STOOD with the ink still wet on his fingers, a streak of the black printing fluid daubed on a flat-planed cheek.

His hair was wet with the perspiration that streaked his shirt. The overhead kerosene lamp shed its yellow radiance down his long, lean body, which did not betray the weariness and bitterness that flooded Emmett Gordon.

"It's a hopeless job," he told the big printing press that occupied most of the room of this little shack that housed the Gila City Bugle. "I can't fight Ed Crangle and his hired killers alone!"

His words still hung in the air when the brick came crashing in through the window. The shattering glass drove him forward, big fists clenched. This is more of Crangle's work! he told himself. He knows what an honest editor with a newspaper can do to his kind! He went out the door and stood on the almost empty street, staring down the dirt thoroughfare toward the blazing lights of the gambling saloon section of town.

A burst of mocking laughter floated out of the darkness. A jeering voice cried, "Get smart, Gordon. Your kind ain't wanted here!"

He wanted to shout at them that he was wanted, that men like Herman Kultitz, the grocer, and Rich Magoon, the blacksmith, wanted him. He could tell how badly George Sanders, who operated the furniture store, and Ted Packard, who ran a general goods store, wanted him to stay on and fight Ed Crangle and his thugs.

For he, in his newspaper, was their voice. In it, he could complain about the tactics of gunmen like Slips Morrel, who ramrodded Crangle's crew of killers. Morrel had a habit of buying many things, and charging them, and then never paying. Add to Morrel the other hangers-on who kept the saloons open, and the honest merchants of Gila City suffered daily losses.

The wind was cool on his cheeks that were flushed with anger. "There's a way I could do it," he told the night. "But I've put that way behind me! I've got to turn now to the printed word to get results!"

He turned on a heel and went back inside his shop. He tore out the columns of type and began to reset them, with a furious, driving energy. He composed his editorial as he worked, with a grim hard look to his face, bent over the make-up table.

He ran off a proof and stood with the kerosene lamp glowing down on him, reading what he had composed. It was a good editorial, strong and biting. It demanded a lawman, a lawman such as Bat Masterson had been in Dodge City, or a man like Hickok, or a sheriff like Wyatt Earp. It summoned the honest citizens of Gila City to get together and enforce the law they all loved.

Men like Ed Crangle, backed by killers such as Slips Morrel, made a mockery of any law that Gila City could hope for. All he could do was point out the need of their little city, and hope for action.

His editorial blew up in his face next day. He could hear the sullen muttering of the gang from inside his little shop as he worked on the make-up table, laying type from his stick into a form. He lifted his head, and his eyes sharpened.

"They're coming!" he whispered through taut lips. "Crangle's killers! Coming — for me!"

He fought down a sharp desire to run up the narrow stairs to the little room above his shop, and to the iron-clad box that was under his bed. But his teeth clamped down on his lips, and he shook his head.

"No," he said softly. "I gave that up — a long time ago!"



He was standing there, like that, still with his stick of type in a hand, when Slips Morrel and two of his gunthrowing pals came in through the door. Morrel had a Colt in his hand. He gestured at Gordon with it.

"Git over against the wall. Stay there. You move and we'll smash you like we're goin' to smash your paper!"

He put his back to the wall and watched them dump the makeup table, watched the axes come from cover and dig into the wood of his racks. The presses felt the weight of a big sledge hammer. The metal buckled and bent under vicious blows.

There was a fire inside him, Gordon knew. A fire that he had fought in the past three years, a fire that was bursting into a bright, steady blaze as he watched these hoodlums wreck his newspaper. He stood and let the fury rise in him. With a snarl, he came away from the wall with a fist balled and driving into the face of one of the axe-wielders.

He fought like a cornered bobcat. His fists were like sledges. He hammered three men into unconsciousness before Morrel slammed the length of his Colt barrel across his face.

Morrel bent over him and worked on Gordon for ten minutes before he rose. His chest rose and fell with the effort.

"That'll hold him! I busted his nose and mebbe his jaw! If he don't get out of town after this, he'll git more. Come on. We did what we come for. Let's git back to the Star Saloon and wet our throats!"

\* \* \*

He lay there in his own blood, wracked by the pain that was eating into him. He moaned softly, and stirred. He put a hand to his face, and withdrew his fingers, finding them covered with blood. With his palms flat to the floor, he pushed himself upright, dragging himself to his feet with a hand on his ruined press.

He stared around him.

"They did a good job on the shop," he mumbled through cracked and swollen lips. "They smashed everything I own. All my money was in this paper."

He drew a deep breath. It was not the money that bothered him. With what he had hidden away in the iron-bound box upstairs under his bed, he could always make money. What troubled Emmett Gordon was the fact that this thing could happen in Gila City, and no man could stop it, or prevent it from happening again.

"I have always believed the pen to be mightier than the sword," he said as he moved slowly around the room, examining each bit of smashed furniture and type. His laughter was harsh in the ruin. "It is mightier, too — when you deal with men."

"But Slips Morrel and his gunthrowers are not men! They are animals! And for animals there is only one law — the law of the club!"

Blood came away from his face as he dragged a torn sleeve across it. The sight of the blood altered his face. It grew harder and colder, almost as bleak as the face of Slips Morrel.

On a heel, Emmett Gordon turned and went up the narrow steps to his upstairs room. He walked slowly, planting his feet firmly. He knelt and reached under the bed, and dragged out the ironbound box.

He threw back the lid, and brought out a pair of Colt revolvers. Colt Peacemakers, they were, with the regulation seven-inch barrels. The walnut butts were worn with much use. He threw the shellbelts around his lean waist and buckled them.

He stood up. The weight of the guns felt good.

"I thought I'd never use them again," he said softly, putting his big hands down to the butts. "I wanted to be a newspaperman, just like Bat Masterson. He was a fighting sheriff. So was I. They don't know me in Gila City. They don't know I can use these guns better than I can a printing press! They don't know me as — Flip Lannon!"

They would know him today! He went down the stairs and out into the sunlight of the street, and step by slow step, he walked down the main street of Gila City toward the Star Saloon.

He went into the saloon, and the batwing doors swung gently behind him. Facing him were Slips Morrel and two of his gunmen.

"You smashed my place, Morrel," Gordon said coldly. "I didn't have my guns then. Let me introduce myself. I'm also known as — Flip Lannon!"

The fear dawned then in Slips Morrel's cold eyes. He backed away from the bar.

"Flip 'em!" whispered Gordon, and his hands dropped.

His guns blazed. Morrel went back into the bar. His two gunmen fell across his body. Gordon stared at them a moment, then waved a smoking gun at the bartender.

"Get out of town. Now! Tell Crangle if he's still here tomorrow morning, I'll be coming for him!"

Gordon turned and went out into the sunlight. He holstered his guns. He could see a group of citizens watching him. Suddenly it came to him that, with their help, he could rebuild his paper. Crangle would leave town. Gila City would grow. And he and his newspaper would grow along with it.

He knew now that he could put his guns back in the iron-bound box. This time they would stay there.

T H E E N D



TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

THEY WALK A GRIM TRAIL WESTWARD, THESE MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE ARKWRIGHT WAGON TRAIN. ALONE ON A WASTELAND OF GRASS, WITH THE ENTIRE SIOUX NATION ARRAYED AGAINST THEM — WITH LITTLE WATER AND FEWER BULLETS — DEATH FINDS THEM EASY PICKINGS! EVEN WHEN

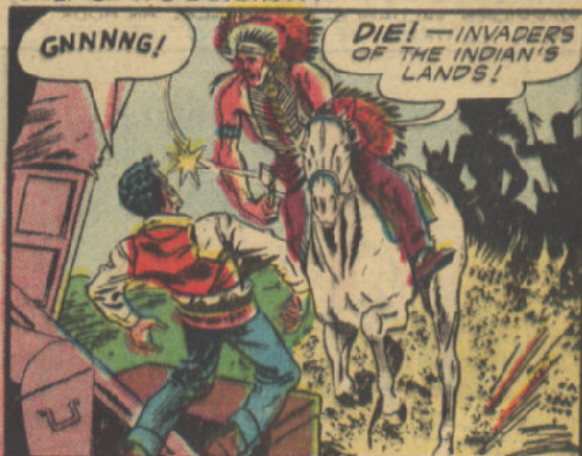
TIM HOLT AND CHITO THROW IN THEIR LOT AND THEIR COLT SIXGUNS WITH THE WAGON TRAIN, THERE SEEMS NO HOPE FOR THOSE WHO WALK THE —

## DOOM TRAIL!



THEY RISE UP FROM THE DEEP GRASSES AN HOUR AFTER DAWN, A LONG LINE OF PAINTED FACES AND SCREAMING THROATS —

THIS IS THEIR LEADER — HUNGRY DOG, WAR CHIEF OF THE LAKOTA...





# TIM HOLT

SIoux SHARPSHOOTERS AIM AT THE VITAL WATER BARRELS—

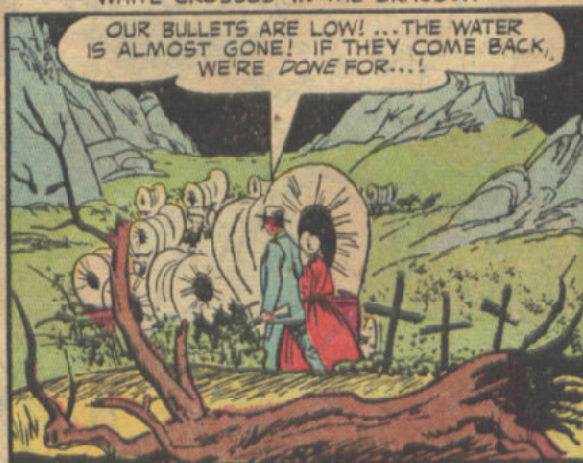
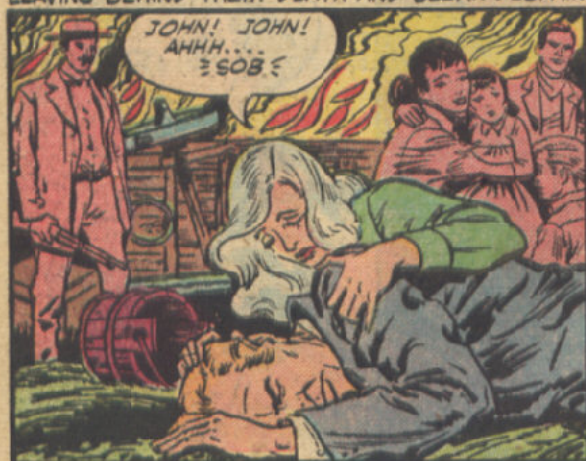
FIRE ARROWS ARCH HIGH AND THUMP INTO DRY, BILLOWING CANVAS—

DARING SIOUX WARRIORS RACE IN FOR THE COUPS—



AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE SIOUX ARE GONE, LEAVING BEHIND THEM DEATH AND BLEAK DESPAIR...

THE WAGONS MOVE ON, LEAVING BEHIND THEM WHITE CROSSES IN THE GRASS...

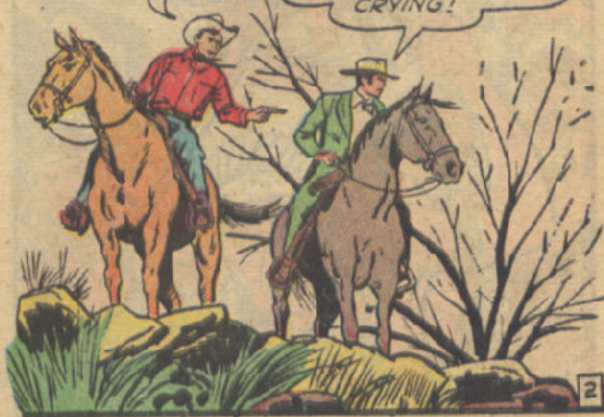


THE TACTICS OF HUNGRY DOG ARE CRUEL. WELL HE KNOWS THERE IS NO HOPE FOR THIS WAGON TRAIN. HE WILL TAKE HIS TIME, AND GIVE HIS YOUNG WARRIORS VALUABLE EXPERIENCE. AN HOUR FROM NIGHTFALL, HE READIES ANOTHER CHARGE—

LESS THAN A MILE AWAY, HIDDEN FROM THE GALLOPING SIOUX BY A RANGE OF FOOTHILLS...

CHITO! LISTEN...!

AY DI MI! I HEARING EET! A SIOUX WAR-CRYING!







LONG LANCE LEAPS FORWARD TOWARD THESE RASH INTRUDERS.



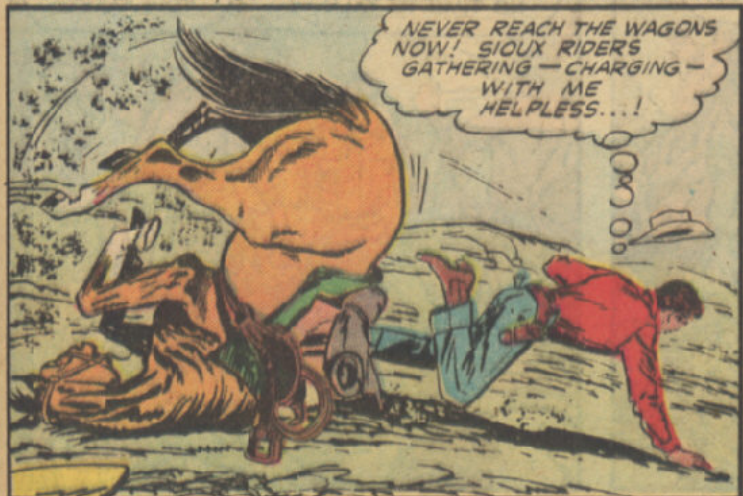
GO ON, CHITO! GET IN AMONG THOSE WAGONS! AT LEAST **ONE** OF US CAN GIVE SOME ADVICE...



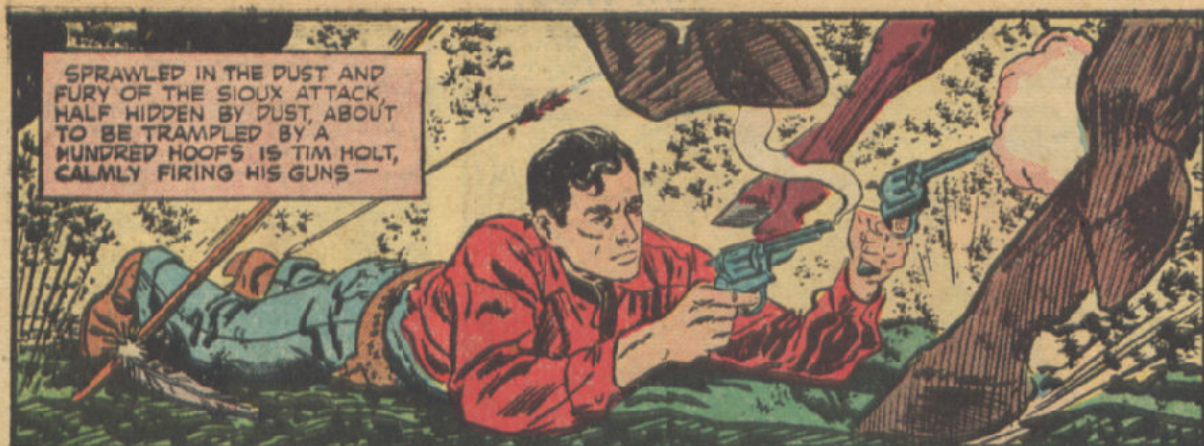
WOLF-EATER REINS HIS PINTO TO A SLIDING HALT TO FIRE POINT BLANK AT TIM, BUT TIM'S SIXGUN SPEAKS FIRST...



WOLF EATER FALLS, BUT HIS BULLET BRINGS DOWN TIM'S BRONC-







A LANCEHEAD SCRAPES HIS SIDE—AND THEN HE IS TWISTING UPWARD, HANDS CATCHING AT A RED THROAT—

AN INSTANT LATER—

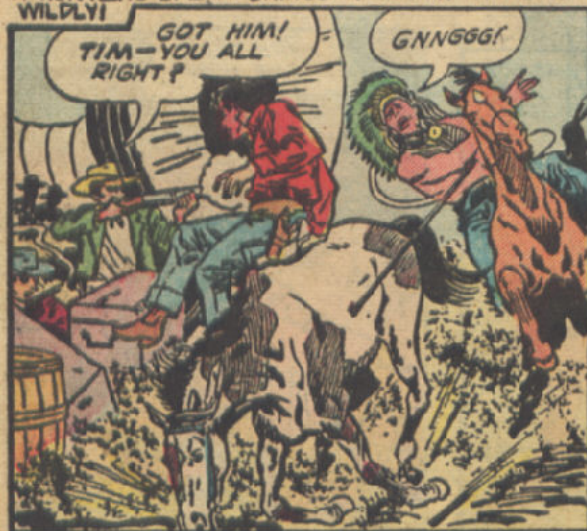
GOT A CHANCE, NOW—!

RIFLES CRACK FROM THE WAGONS AS A PONY AND A DISHEVELLED RIDER RACE TOWARD THEM—



JUST AS HIS PONY IS ABOUT TO CLEAR THE WAGONS, A HURLING SPEAR BRINGS IT DOWN! TIM SPRAWLS WILDLY!

AND THEN THE SWIRL AND SAVAGERY OF THE FIGHT CLOSES IN ON THEM—





THE SIOUX IS NO BULLDOG FIGHTER. HE RESEMBLES MORE THE WOLF AS HE STRIKES HARD, THEN LEAPS AWAY, TO STRIKE AGAIN LATER! A FEW MOMENTS OF BLISTERING MADNESS AT THE WAGONS, AND THEN—

THEY GO OFF—TO COME BACK AGAIN TOMORROW!

ONE OF 'EM LEFT ME A SOUVENIR!



HERE—LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THAT SOUVENIR!

THANKS, MA'AM!



MY MOTHER AND FATHER WERE KILLED IN THE LAST FIGHT! I'M MOTHERING MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS. I—I GUESS IT MUST COME EASY TO ME...

????

SUPPOSE I HELP WHILE THE WAGONS ARE BEING READED FOR TRAVEL. HERE, LET'S MAKE A DOLL...

A DOLL? OOOHHHH!



WHAT EES COME OVER TIM? I AM MAN WHO FLIRTINGS WITH THE GIRLS!

I'M NOT FLIRTING, CHITO—I'M TRYING TO DISTRACT THEIR MINDS! THESE PEOPLE ARE TERRIFIED! AND FRIGHTENED PEOPLE DON'T MAKE GOOD FIGHTERS!



AND THESE PEOPLE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT IF THEY HOPE TO STAY ALIVE! HUNGRY DOG HAS THE FLOWER OF THE SIOUX NATION OUT THERE, WAITING TO RIDE OVER US AND STAMP US INTO THE GROUND!



WITH HOPEFUL WORDS, WITH KIND GESTURES, TIM MOVES AMONG THE IMMIGRANTS...

JUST KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP! DON'T THINK YOU'RE BEATEN! WE'LL BE ABLE TO PULL THROUGH—SOMEHOW!

TELL ME HOW? WE GOT NO MORE BULLETS!





# TIM HOLT

DESPAIR IS ETCHED CLEARLY  
IN ANXIOUS FACES —



BULLETS  
AND WATER  
— WHERE  
CAN WE  
FIND THEM?

WORRY AND FRIGHT SHOWS IN  
EYES THAT ARE GLAZED WITH  
FEAR —



THEY WILL KILL  
AND SCALP US—  
AND OUR  
CHILDREN!

AND WE  
CAN'T DO  
ANYTHING  
ABOUT IT!

AT DAWN, THE WAGONS MOVE ON,  
WITH THE PROWLING SIOUX MOVING  
IN, ALWAYS A LITTLE CLOSER—



HA! THE INVADER OF THE  
INDIAN COUNTRY DOES NOT  
SHOOT BACK AT ME!

TOWARD NOON, TIM HOLT SIGNALS A HALT—



HERE WE CAN GET WATER, AT  
LEAST! CUT OPEN THESE  
BARREL CACTI. THE PULP INSIDE  
THEM CAN BE SQUEEZED OUT  
TO GET WATER!



WE GOT THE  
WATER NOW  
— BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
BULLETS?

I ADMIT THAT'S  
PRETTY HOPELESS.  
WE CAN MELT  
DOWN THE METAL  
IN THE WAGONS  
BUT THAT WON'T  
LAST LONG!



ONE OF US MUST GO FOR  
HELP! THERE IS A CAVALRY  
FORT SOME MILES FROM HERE.  
ONE MIGHT GET TO IT—WITH  
LUCK! MAN WHO PICKS  
THE SHORT STRAW  
TRIES IT!



I DREW IT! I'LL LEAVE  
ALL MY GUNS AND BULLETS  
HERE! I'LL GO UNARMED—



# TIM HOLT

AS DUSK SHROUDS THE PRAIRIES, AND AS THE SIOUX CIRCLE DRAWS CLOSER, TIM SLIPS OUT LIKE A SNAKE THROUGH THE GRASSES...

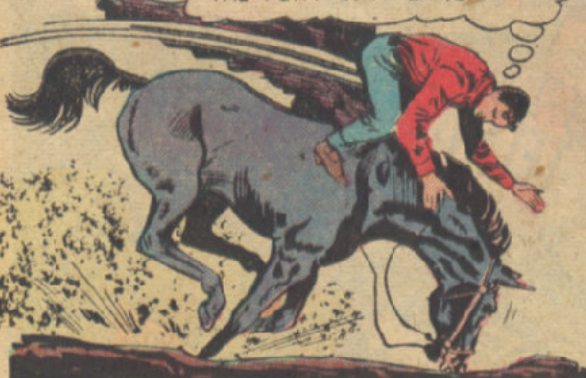


THEY'LL BE CHARGING IN A MOMENT!



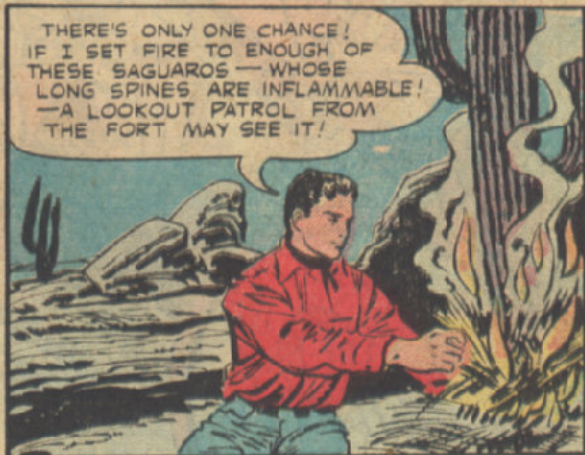
BUT, IN THE DARK, MILES FROM THE WAGON—AND MANY MORE MILES FROM THE FORT—

HE STEPPED IN A GOPHER HOLE! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO REACH THE FORT IN TIME NOW!



WITH A FLAMING MATCH, TIM SETS FIRE TO A GREAT SAGUARO CACTUS—

THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE! IF I SET FIRE TO ENOUGH OF THESE SAGUAROS—WHOSE LONG SPINES ARE INFLAMMABLE!—A LOOKOUT PATROL FROM THE FORT MAY SEE IT!



AN HOUR BEFORE DAWN, A DETAIL OF U.S. CAVALRY RIDE OUT TO INVESTIGATE THE BLAZE. AT THE GALLOP, THEY STORM ON TOWARD THE BELEAGUERED WAGON TRAIN...

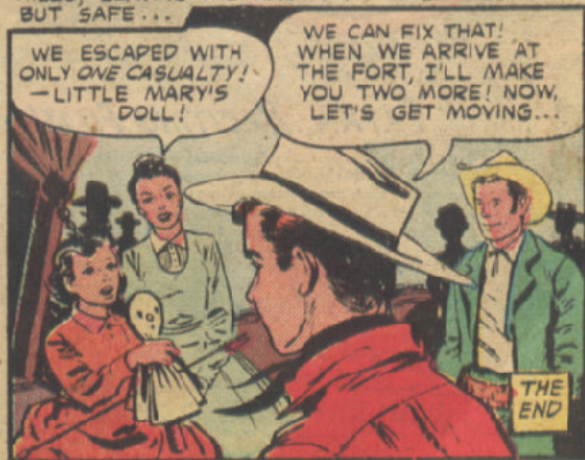
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN TIME! THE SIOUX ARE JUST ATTACKING NOW!



THE SHARP BLAST OF A BUGLE, THE CRACK OF CARBINES, AND THE INDIANS FADE AWAY INTO THE HILLS, LEAVING THE WAGON TRAIN EXHAUSTED—BUT SAFE...

WE ESCAPED WITH ONLY ONE CASUALTY!—LITTLE MARY'S DOLL!

WE CAN FIX THAT! WHEN WE ARRIVE AT THE FORT, I'LL MAKE YOU TWO MORE! NOW, LET'S GET MOVING...



THE END



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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or MONEY BACK

This "waste" costs to pay \$5 to \$10 for a good quality outfit elsewhere in America today. Now, for the 12 minute easy to assemble offer, you get this COMPLETE 15-Pc. COWBOY OUTFIT FOR THE SENSATIONAL LOW PRICE OF ONLY \$1.98--TWO OUTFITS FOR ONLY \$3.96.

"Hi There, Pardner!"--Here's that complete 15-piece Broncho Buster Cowboy Outfit you've always wanted... at a price so low it's virtually a giveaway. You get everything you need--not just a suit or skirt--but the entire outfit as pictured--like those you've admired on your favorite cowboy heroes. You simply put outfit together according to easy to follow directions. Takes only about 12 minutes to separate and assemble the entire 15-piece outfit. You then have a Cowboy Outfit you couldn't duplicate for 2 or 3 times our low price. The material will literally "wear like iron." It's a fine quality water-resistant white vinyl plastic, beautifully trimmed in brown and white--the color combination now so popular with all boys and girls. You don't even have to wash it to keep this material clean. Just wipe with damp cloth and it stays like new each day. Here is an outfit to thrill every young buckaroo from ages 2 to 12. But hurry. This sensational offer may be withdrawn at any time. Mail the order coupon today to avoid missing out on this great value.

SEND NO MONEY! Rush This Order Coupon!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1910  
1327 LOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

Gentlemen: Please send the complete 15-piece Broncho Buster Cowboy Outfit as checked below C.O.D., plus postage on your 10-day money back guarantee offer.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cowboy Outfit @ \$1.98                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Cowgirl Outfit @ \$1.98    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 Cowboy Outfits @ \$3.96              | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 Cowgirl Outfits @ \$3.96 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Cowboy and 1 Cowgirl Outfit @ \$3.96 |   |

Please state age of youngster getting outfit: \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Enclosed is full amount plus two dollars for postage for each outfit. Ship my order as checked above all shipping charges prepaid to my door.